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THE

BRUTES OF CAM;

OR,

THE ASS'S TRIUMPH OVER LIBERTY.

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BRUTES OF CAM;

OR,

The Afs's Triumph over Liberty.

A FABLE.

Tutus ut invadat prælia, nudus eat.

LONDON: MDCCLXXIV.

THE

BRUTES OF CAM:

OR,

The Ass's Triumph over Liberty.

A FABLE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

BRUTES of CAM, &c.

IN days of yore, as ancient Poets ſing,
Each wood, each lawn, each foreſt had its king;
Whoſe nod imperious, or whoſe ſtretch'd out paw,
Was to each ſylvan ſtate its only law.
And tho' in all theſe ſtates, the beaſts in place
Were like in pow'r, yet not perhaps in grace;
Some by inheritance poſſeſs'd the crown,
And others, by ſelf-merit rais'd alone;
But kings elective reign'd; methinks ſome doom
Others attended to the regal throne;
Whoſe folly, envy, cruelty, and fear,
Ended their reign, with ev'ry ending year.

Such was the caſe, when firſt the ſylvan king
Mounted the throne, whoſe glorious fame I ſing.
Where father Cam that verdant margin green,
In awful murmurs, rolls his courſe between,
And borne on his meand'ring, glaſſy wave,
Fame teaches ſcience to ſubdue the grave;
Ev'n there, where tow'rs on tow'rs in columns riſe,
Whence ſoaring Newton ſcal'd the vaulted ſkies;
Ev'n there, I ſay, ſome thouſand years ago,
There ſtood of oaks full many a ſtately row,
Whoſe ſize, whoſe excellence, whoſe rev'rend brow,
Were only equall'd by the race below:
A race divine indeed! no age had fram'd
Beaſts half ſo noble as this wood contain'd:
Than other brutes, each brute of nobler mind,
Than beaſts, each beaſt of much ſuperior kind.
Like Roman Conſuls two commanders reign'd,
Like them their poſts they annually reſign'd.
But left theſe rev'rend nobles too much weight
Might overload, in managing the ſtate,

Some good Patricians, leſs in wealth and blood,
For Cenſors, Prætors, and Pro-Conſuls ſtood.
And left by conſtant peace, this *minor* ſtate
Might not enough reſemble *major* that,
A Mule, ſly creature, truſting to his face,
Whoſe *dinge* could never to a bluſh give place,
Quite vex'd, more ſturdy than his ſturdy race,
The graceleſs ſenate, with an ill-tim'd grace,
Three ſilver faſces, which three lictors bore,
Declar'd ſome ſolemn Aſs-Dictator's pow'r.
As that in largeneſs, this in ſmallneſs ſhone,
In ſhort, it was a Liliputian Rome.
But my Muſe whiſpers; You forget that here
Dictator was Dictator for a year---
Yes true, a year. Some beaſt of little grace,
Leſs wit, reign'd annual monarch of the chaſe.
'Twas on that day, when, like Dan Pope's Lord May'r,
Old DOBBIN triumph'd in the curule chair.
" Pomp without guilt of bloodleſs ſtaffs and maces,
" Braſs chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces."

He

He bray'd ſo learnedly, with gaping jaws
Admiring legions grinn'd a dumb applauſe:
He chuckl'd, mimick'd, then with ſerious face,
Quaint bray, imperious nod, and queer grimace,
O'er foll'wing tribes he roll'd his flaſhing eyes,
Admiring, wond'ring, then in deep ſurprize
View'd tribes on tribes, and train ſucceeding train,
Then bray'd out admiration, toſs'd his main,
Roll'd round his head, admir'd, and bray'd again.
This Aſs could ſpell, nay ſome aver could read;
Nor wonder, Dobbin was of Eton breed.
For, like Parnaſſus, Eton's cool retreat,
By Nature form'd for ſacred Wiſdom's ſeat,
Long ere her Henry taught the human race
To ſearch for learning in that ſacred place,
Her ſhades by man inviolate till then,
Taught beaſts that wiſdom, which they now teach men.
Two royal captives the proceſſion grace,
Liberty's beſt, laſt, loſt pledges of the chaſe.
Old DOBBIN ſmil'd whenev'r he look'd around,
And ſaw the Nymphs in brazen fetters bound.

Once

Once royal Dames, in leathern weeds behind,
Now captive S - - s rattling chains confin'd.
Old DOBBIN ſmil'd, but terror ſtood confeſt
By deep-fetch'd ſighs in ev'ry other breaſt.
Juſt as he triumph'd, reign'd this Eton Aſs,
By all ſurpaſs'd in trying to ſurpaſs;
Deſpiſing all, deſpis'd. Juſtice his paw
Held captive, and pronounc'd his will the law.
The Conſuls did too, you would ſwear, inherit
The Aſs's virtues and ſuperior merit.
Par nobile fratrum! an Hog and Ferret.
'Gainſt wanton boys Hog arm'd with coat of mail
His breech; for what's a pig without a tail?
The little Ferret, tho' of *hog-ſty* breed,
Thought hogs of ferrets could have little need;
So thro' the ſty into his hole he crept,
And PORCUS grunted while the Ferret ſlept.
The Hog no eaſe, no innocency taught
Th'enchanting ſcenes of ſleep, his boſom, fraught
With helliſh wiles, could find no ſoothing charm
To do him good, but doing others harm.

To hogs if conſcience had by fate been giv'n,
What hog like this could hope to enter heav'n?
Yet hopes he has, and great; the reaſon's fair:
He has no conſcience to make hope deſpair.
Nor *cats*, nor ghoſts of *cats* diſturb thy breaſt,
Tho' murder'd millions haunt thy broken reſt,
Hope on, great Hog, by hope alone thou'rt bleſt.
The Aſs depos'd, the Conſul weds a ſow,
From whence, or where, it matters not, nor how;
Whether a Dunkey, or of Engliſh breed:
We'll leave him to his ſty and ſo proceed.
Much conſultation, and much learn'd debate,
To find a rev'rend head to rule the ſtate.
Some were too young, too old, this fierce, that hot,
Too paſſive ſome, this ſtupid, that a ſot.
So we'll ſuppoſe, for ſuch no doubt there are
In ev'ry ſtate, in ev'ry clime and air.
Things thus reſolv'd, rejected all the race,
Comes jogging with broad buttocks, and broad face,
A fat, old coach-horſe: BALL attracts all eyes;
By ſilence all on him confer the prize.

BALL ſaw, and wagg'd his dock, but knew his pace;
In old jog-trot at length he reach'd the place.
He breath'd a-while, then braung'd his head, his ſtump
Still friſking drolly in his round, fat rump.
He ſnorted, pranc'd, and with pretended rage,
Spurn'd oft' the ground, grown wanton with old age.
At length ſome beaſt, deputed by the reſt,
Put on the ſcarlet *body-cloaths*, and *creſt*.
Good Gods how fine! on high before his eyes
A pendent taſſel flows, t'affright the flies.
As BALL, what horſe was ever half ſo fine?
Did Cæſar's nag in fur and ſcarlet ſhine?
What Marlb'rough fought, what fribble Lewis rode,
On prancing horſe thus fring'd and furbelow'd?
Inſpire, my Muſe, my too far ſoaring lays
With humbler thoughts, ſing, ſing, of humbler praiſe.
No more on coach-horſe ride in milk-white furs,
And ſcarlet cloth; deſcend to goats and curs.
But ſuch a Goat! Good Gods! was ever ſeen
Goat half ſo handſome, or goat half ſo clean?

Of theſe I'll ſing, for ſuch the Conſuls were,
Par, *impar*, concord, diſcord, jarring pair.
For more convenience in my rhyming names,
The Cur be SNAP, the wanton Goat be JAMES.
SNAP hated females, wond'red how a beaſt
Of ſentiment could think a wench a feaſt.
But wanton JIM, of no ſuch thoughts poſſeſt,
Claſpt ev'ry female in his glowing breaſt.
This weak, that vig'rous, each condemn'd the other,
And thus *par impar*, brother laugh'd at brother.
But as a Sage, why ſhould ſuch diff'rence be,
Once aſk'd, 'twixt *tweedle-dum*, and *tweedle-dee?*
Why, hence. Poor SNAP, bred up with vulgar hounds,
Scarce ev'r exceeded E - - s narrow bounds.
The Kid, a wanton, vig'rous, airy beau,
Scorn'd Northern cliffs, and barren ſands, and ſnow;
Whoſe frozen depths nor ſummer's genial heat
Can warm, nor winter's blaſts can penetrate.
To livelier ſcenes, a ſprightly genius drove
His gay deſires; in foreign climes to rove,

New virtues, with new regions to explore,
For nought could Cam, nay England teach him more.
Such diff'rent minds, what ſocial tie, what force
Of office, ev'r could join? Each took his courſe.
JIM try'd to pleaſe: No rigid ſtoick rules
Confin'd his ſenſe, no pedantry of ſchools
His gen'rous breaſt defil'd, power without pride
Had made him mercifully ſtrict. Here vy'd
Nature with Art, which moſt ſhould give to pleaſe:
Nature gave ſenſe, Art dignity and eaſe:
Both play'd their parts, but Virtue conquer'd theſe.
He lov'd a female friend. Does n't any goat?
Sure 'tis no fault to love a Nanny-goat.
Thrice happy ſtate, with ſuch a Conſul's rule!
But fate, unerring ſtill, joins ſage and fool.
Such was thy caſe, poor Kid; honor and eaſe
Were all thy hopes, and all thy care, to pleaſe.
Thy gen'rous breaſt to tell what honor fir'd,
What virtue taught, what love of praiſe inſpir'd,
Needs nobler lays; but be't enough to ſay,
Thou'rt honor'd, nor can gratitude repay

Thy merits with a juſt reward. Now view the Cur,
And ſee what virtue gilds his character.
A ſnarling, churliſh, ſullen, untow'rd brute,
Seldom knew right, and ſcorn'd it when he knew't.
Of mettled Bucks, whom laws could not reſtrain,
Around the neck a *band* was tied, to tame
Their daring ſpirits; but leſt publick fame
Should tell their guilt, and ſtigmatize their name;
As fancy taught, with red of various hue,
More modeſt bluſh, or green, or vi'let blue,
They hid their necks: But Cato-like ſevere,
Without his ſenſe, without his courage, fear
Taught him to pluck off this cover of diſgrace,
This *collar*; terror of the puppy race.

If ſome poor ſow, at cloſe of ſultry day,
The eve's refreſhing breeze ſhould 'tice to ſtray;
The village rings, the ſchool-boys clap their hands,
The willing cur obeys their loud commands:
No gallantry impedes his fierce career,
His griping teeth ſalute her bleeding ear.

Th'af-

Th'affrighted ſow whines, languiſhes, and cries,
And weeping turns a-ſquint her narrow eyes,
Then ſtorms, and raves, and ev'ry method tries
To move the cur; regardleſs of her moan,
He bites her harder, and conducts her home.
So SNAP would do. If ſome poor hapleſs wench,
Should leave her ſty, and trough, and dunghill ſtench,
To lave her belly, or to ſcrub her hide,
Or many other uſeful things beſide;
Two neighb'ring bull-dogs gave th'alarm, the cur
Was inſtant out to ſeize the wanderer.
The hapleſs dame her ev'ry art would try,
But he would mock and gripe her briſtly thigh,
And furious drag her to a priſon ſty.

Again the Mule, that tribune of the commons,
Harraſs'd the Fathers with another ſummons.
Again repuls'd, again he try'd in vain,
Till tir'd at length with this ſubmiſſive ſtrain,
He openly join'd forces with a Pie,
And both together 'gan their ſtrength to try.

No more the Mule the rev'rend heads addreſt,
No more with humble ſuit the ſenate preſt:
But prick'd his ears, and kick'd, and loudly roaring,
He ſwore by G - d he'd carry all before him.
Poor MAG could claim but little ſhare of ſenſe,
But Nature gave him tongue and impudence;
So ſtrutting forth, a ſilly chatt'ring fool,
He echo'd ev'ry whinny from the Mule.
Philoſophers have ſaid, before the race
Try well your ſtrength, nor ſeek your own diſgrace:
The wiſe well know the compaſs, ſail, and oar,
Or never launch their veſſel from the ſhore.
The Mule ſuch old-wives maxims all deſpiſing,
(For all his thoughts were bent on *future riſing*)
Nev'r try'd his ſtrength, nor ſkill, nor knew his oar,
But weigh'd his anchor, and then drove from ſhore.
The ſlack ſails ſhift, the oar and rudder's loſt,
The waves beat high, the ſhip's at random toſt:
Mag guides the helm, preſuming in his ſkill;
The Mule is here and there officious ſtill;

Till

Till the ſhip ſtriking on ſome dang'rous ſands,
Behold, a-ground the ſhatter'd veſſel ſtands.
Then ſneaking out, he ſcarcely ſwims to land,
While loud deriſions echo from the ſtrand.
MAG drops his tail, to ſee him thus diſtreſt,
The very fiſhes ſeem to ſneer and jeſt.
And now too late he finds, poor, ſilly elf,
He's left to death, deriſion and himſelf.
Thus far by way of ſimilie, or ſo,
(For Poets muſt have ſimilies, you know)
However, by the ſhip, we'll underſtand
His grace; the ſenate, the deriding ſtrand;
By broaken oars, we mean his feeble friends;
By the ſhip's ſinking, his deluded ends.
And when we ſay, a-ground the ſhatter'd veſſel ſtands;
P - - l and R- - - n appear the ſands.
By jeſting ſprats, 'tis plain we mean no more
Than the rude commons hiſſing at the door;
Who, thro' the crowd, as waves, ſcarce ſneaking out,
With one united, univerſal ſhout,

Curs'd their fanatick tribune, 'cauſe he would
(Short ſighted beaſts) promote the *public good.*
A ferment roſe, a gen'ral diſcontent,
Like ſome contagion, thro' the commons went.
A threat'ning ſtorm impends; SNAP lives in fear,
Leſt his detected miſchief ſhould appear;
All muſt be riſk'd, all try'd, to find a cauſe
To gain the Cur ſome popular applauſe.
When, lucky beaſt! as if from heaven ſent,
To quell the ſtorm, and quiet diſcontent,
A ſwarm of May-flies to this wood reſorted,
In form of battle, by a Bug eſcorted:
They view'd the ground; a mole-hill firſt preſents
Theſe heatborn grubs its grateful eminence.
Here fix'd; if any beaſt ſhould dare intrude,
The ſwarm with deadly ſtings his head purſu'd.
The Commons arm'd; SNAP led the furious band;
His thund'ring threats convulſe the trembling land.
Yet ſtill the ſcornful flies around their head,
At once ſafe buzz'd, bit, ſtung, purſu'd, and fled.

Art's

Art's aid is ſought, ſince nought avails of force:
Art taught this leſſon, as his laſt reſource;
Lop off the head, the members fall of courſe.

SNAP heard the leſſon, and approv'd, and weigh'd
Well ev'ry circumſtance, and thus obey'd.
One eve the weary band ſecurely ſlept;
SNAP ſaw, and to the mole-hill ſoftly crept;
With drooping tail, eyes clos'd, and gaping jaws,
He gently fell, and with extended paws
Mock'd death. The Bug, by hunger wak'd at laſt,
Call'd out his army to the fine repaſt.
The flies rejoicing, ſwarm around his ſkin;
The dainty Bug preferr'd a piece within;
So in he went. SNAP ſeiz'd the wiſh'd-for bait,
And clos'd his mouth, but found he was too late.
The Bug had crept, unwary of his tricks,
Down the Cur's throat, and there ſtill teazing ſticks.
The Captain caught, SNAP ſhook his tail; aghaſt
The army ſtand, and view their fine repaſt

Now moving off, they mourn th'unlucky day,
Their leader's fate, diſperſe, and fly away.
Loud huzzas ring, and thro' the vaulted ſky
Echo reſounds, half mockery, half joy.
They mock the choaking Cur, but gladly ſee
The Captain kidnapp'd, and themſelves ſet free.

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